

Chapter 4

Middle school

So the time between 5th and 6th grade was summer break and I was unable to go to a babysitter, so after another move that I can't remember in the slightest but know I had to of helped because lifting is great, I was sent to children's hospital in the youth phycological wing , this one might have been the one on the ground floor with outside time , but I don't remember, I went to 3 and I definitely only remember 2 events that still blurr together, but drugs are bad for remembering things and Im sure I was on drugs, my violence and madness I'm sure in that environment where astronomical. The only reason I remember 3 is because there was a kid I met 2 times but there was a hospital between are meeting so there had to of been 3 right? Or Ive lost a whole year of my life somehow, but again with the right drugs I'm sure a year could just vanish. Anyways I remember freakazoid the cartoon and cool runnings the movie. Wearing a pillowcase on my feet and calling it spandex while jumping around getting the other kids excited and alive at night to pass time, I jumped the fence and escaped to prove it's not "impossible" losers. I definitely got the padded room for that. I also thought let's act crazy because the other kids where normal. My friend who I met again later was just angry a lot but never at me and we didn't fight about anything. There was a fat guy who was there for ? And a girl who couldn't touch bar soap. As well as a girl who I guess the only way to describe is the hackle from 13 ghosts. But I hadn't seen that movie yet. She could telepathically communicate with me on a crazy level, we could use are own sign language thru the CCTV when she was in the padded room. There where no windows in that room but she could tell when I was looking at the camera screen and then she would look up at her camera and start signing nonsense but I somehow fully understand what she was saying? It was a trip , but I don't remember getting to speak to her ever only when she was dumped in are floors padded room almost everyday. But I would go talk to her often. But I'm sure the guards at the screen where like wtf . In the cafeteria after that moment I thought I was given powers and wondered if any other kids had powers , so I convinced the whole floor to try and bend spoons with there minds. No one could do it but I was again in the padded room. I think I was in a straight jacket one time but that might have been at hospital year 2 and one of the reasons I can't remember due to heavy sedation from aggravated behavior due to boredom, need for leveling up and dislike of men existing. I'm sure I tried to start a riot at least 1 time a year there. Why not they made you do school work during the summer. I can't remember my thepst inside in the slightest, not any of them tell maybe high school but I always had them. But as soon as summer was over I was out of my hospital home. I missed my N64 at home and free movie choices. I don't think I even realized at the time that time was moving outside the hospital, like my family missed me and that was way over my head.

I think it was day 1 at middle school and I was like yeah I spent my summer vacation in the crazy house partying with kids everyday. So of course I got in a fight , but I had to of been drugged up because I didn't fight back , I told this kid I smell

his fear because he's making fun of me. So he head butted my nose and it bleed like all day all night and my pillow was crispy and stuck to my face that morning after. But I was suspended and so was that kid and my friend amos who I don't remember In elementary school but I now he was there with Alan and Jared. I had other friends like? Daren and Jordan and I'm sure others. But for me the office and trouble where my friends for sure. I got a class where I helped the lunch lady's with dishes and would do easy tasks for the office as well as small library things. I wanted to wear only black from now on, I would wear extra belts all over and this year I saw my first scary movie and it changed my life forever, I also got new cousins , TJ , camy and karley. TJ had Pokemon, soon I did too blue and my grampa got me a Costco multi pack of gold and silver , but Gameboys needed batteries and that was a math equation I didn't understand yet so I didn't play everyday. i crushed tjs finger while we challenged each other to who could lift the heavier log, later he was 2x my size in muscle but for that camping trip I had him beat. When this happened my dad had to end the camping trip early to take him to the hospital, his finger was like smashed in half, there where 2 nunes that helped point my dad in the right direction. TJ was fine and I like camping. Jeepers creepers came out in 2001 I was 11 and I saw what my mind had been painting of years, the problem was that the movie was located almost there I lived, we had old churches in empty fields in the middle of nowhere . I don't know why I was ever Afraid of a creature I desperately wanted to meet and become an apprentice too. I found what my family had hidden for years, turns out horror is a genre of movie the whole time, it was crazy, my dad has never approved of horror and my mom was hesitant, but I needed to see other people's minds and there version of a good future thru art and monsters. No more Godzilla and aliens , super heros but villains in a beautiful and dark reality. But then I am a villain right? So the dark clothes was an easy go too, really I wanted to make my own clothes so I went to home ec class and learned sawing and I suck at it but turns out I'm an ok cook, I made some unique things but mostly just went to hot topic. Then the matrix happened, this scifi new angle to my escape is that the escape isn't as I thought it was, what if I was just too young to escape, I'd need to just wait to get out or die. But wearing a trench coat was soon a symbol associated with a school shooting and of course I'm pro school shooting, we won't get anywhere living this way, learning this way , having teachers who have given up and where just humans. But we watched a documentary about it and of course that meant suspension, I was like this is the best way to gun down the most students at this school with maps and times, as well as why it's a great idea to I inspire are students to not be worthless humans and instead fights for justice and a future worth living. This is not the normal interpretation of this event. But I was a super villain so of course I'm pro shootings. Soon I found out how much of a let down even real super villains are so disappointing , the Boston massacre was 5! People?????!!!! That's a "massacre"? And then serial killers omg 😊☹️ in real life just really ? Samuel Little was 93 , that's good but from my imagination 100 is when you get the title of serial killer, and then your actually helping the environment and social structure . Where was the fear and beauty of we cut them

off so quick. In school they always asked who your role model was or person in "real" life you looked up too and I would always say no one who has ever lived has been interesting or worth looking up to, they are a let down. My teachers didn't get it, I don't think. I don't know if it was freshman year but after I returned from being suspended I was challenged to a jumping off things contest. Portables, stairs, whatever. But I landed on my wrist wrong and this might be the first time I felt pain and was not too little not to remember. I was significantly tougher than other kids, they were weak and stupid for sure. But I got a brace, the next day I had to prove I was still tough to the kids who teased me for it, if I was anything I was tougher than them. After a nice beating from the kids I stumbled away fine. I don't know exactly when it started but 5th to 7th grade I said why learn peoples names, I don't care about them and they will all be dead soon so nicknames were my thing, I even was asked to name kids later maybe 6th or 7th grade. I would map out every table in a class room and just give them fun names, it wasn't offensive or mean just not their names, later I got sent to the office because they thought it was a way to use code and actively rate kids on a Loren hit list. I know the other kids were mean to me but I didn't hate them because of it. I just wanted to escape and save the world and they had to die. I soon started to like girls but none of them were trans and I tried to see if a boy made sense and it definitely didn't. So fake test relationships felt like a good idea, make them happy learn how to interact and what I should do. Human experiments definitely got me in a lot of my trouble I'm in today. But having a real connection with someone who you personally might have to kill later to gain super powers isn't a good idea, I'd rather escape than care about people. I remember wall running and practicing a lot but never getting to good, my speed was probably still the fastest in the school and I was for sure stronger than any other kid till maybe senior year. I remember lifting a lot of heavy things in the forest next to my house and the creek there, I still hated shoes and I know my mom would get mad if I destroyed them to be closer to the earth and gain power by having tough feet. But of course intelligent teachers had excuses. I'm not here on purpose and I will escape. There were kids next door. 2 kids in 1 house and 1 kid in another house that kid was fat and soon I didn't want friends anymore. But their houses touched the forest. One of their back yards had the death swing. A rope over a pit of broken glass and metal. 10 years ago the housing community we live in now was an endless farm where humans could eat, it was logical but the government likes to take away farms. So the area the swing was at was over the farm's trash dump site before it was removed. The town had cows, corn and peas. We explored every inch of that forest. One day I found an underground fortress, it was an abandoned sewer system but I cut the lock off the main hatch and we climbed in to travel what felt like hours deeper and deeper into this endless maze mapping it out, the other kids got scared but I kept going, one day I found a giant metal red door with a turn hatch door and I couldn't break it open. I knew that was my way out. But there was the flood season and the magical maze filled with water and I guess I just forgot about it. Lots of time on the trampoline. I had 2 sisters for sure, but nothing really to tell yet. I know we went camping with dad. He had a

new place to live always jumping around due to child support and I get it now. I had a gecko no name? Oneday it escaped? Or died but it would eat mango with me. I also had video games there and no forest. The city was not what I cared for. Maybe I made friends but I don't know. I remember loosing a fight with a kid next door at my grandma's house but it was this kid and his older brother , I did my best and moved on . Between 6th and 7th grade I went back to the asylum but don't remember it or it blurred with the first and 3rd one. But it had to be 3. That summer was skipped and my explain why I didn't remember my maze underground. But the forest still called to me, my feet touching the ground and peace , quite , a small escape from everything. My mom would drink I don't know when I noticed this fact. I also know my mom and dad where divorced but no idea when that exactly happened. I had 0 interest in that world. I was leaving soon. Are back yard was water logged everyday of the year it seemed so I didn't go back there even though there was a jungle gym with a pull up bar and I would think about it a lot. There was a boat as well that I always wished I could just go into the ocean with. Most of my life I had 3 travel requests for my birthday or just if they asked what I wanted even if it was a question about dinner, but being a squid fisher off the coast of South Africa. A monk in China or a tribal hunter chilli, but there tribes where in Brazil. I never got those travel requests filled. But I asked all the same. Most of the time with almost any thing I said to my mom was responded with , we believe in Jesus or your talking nonsense. But I was forced to learn English by her so I can say whatever I want, why even ask if you don't want my answer. I don't think I found a rainy day out yet but soon if I didn't want to go home I could go to a church for youth group, not that I cared for what they had to say but I was out of the house and it was raining, sometimes we got food. Around 6th or 7th grade Kingdom hearts came out and the door was forever another symbol of escape, just a door that could be opened might let me out of here. In the church I met a friend who's family was crazy religious but I soon found out that's normal to just not think straight. You can't just say weather =Jesus and that meteorologists worship Satan. It's literally science. My focse in school was almost only science but adults lacked education on things I'm learning in middle school. So even though I would try to follow home anyone who'd let me , I would always have facts and they had other video games and movies. Sometimes the food was good. Buy the watching other kids' dynamics was always off to me but learning how they human I thought would help me later in life, like with girl training for when I found my real girl. If I had Kingdom hearts I also finally had twisted metal, MegaMan legends and the PS1/2 , this was a huge thing. The GameCube was all right and the Xbox sucks but halo was in. All I wanted was solitude and escape. Soon I aliened myself from the kids next door by being far too evil and scaring the family's. I got braces, but I have an extra saliva mouth so they would slip off all the time and wires would be all over the place as well as adding that extra bleed damage from getting my face punched. But all fun and games. My mom got a boyfriend who like everyone at school had not his name, John, Jim , Jake, Joe, Bob, bill, Jay, ECT. My therapist thought I was being literal so she had to talk to my mom about it. I only had male therapists a couple times and I

was so angry with there existence for being male. But none of them seem to dig too deep into who I am or what I'm doing. But they got paid either way. I remember trying to build a coffin to sleep in with hopes of summoning a vampire to help me escape and my mom freaked out because all I would talk about was killing and death. A rebirth into freedom. About this time I was possessed by an entity of some kind. Now how real it was is up to how much you believe in that. I don't know if it was 100% legit it could have been created by drugs from therapy and hormones from growing creating extra madness. But I was afraid of closed doors, shower curtains and the mirror. I didn't look at the mirror for a very long time, I remember a cute girl in high school asking about if even look in a mirror and I said of course not but that was like 11th grade so this lasted a long time. But slowly I got over the mirror thing, I didn't fear anything iny life tell them and that was all I feared was what waits on the other side of a mirror. Just ridiculous now but it was a phobia. Soon I named my monster inside GIM not gym gh-im , based on my 3 letters if add to video games not understanding that it was a space for initials. I didn't learn that gim= gym tell collage. English was still not being learned for sure, I can't spell, cluck grammer and why read. My monster had green hair and long black clothing, ice blue eyes , it became someone to talk to and ask for help even if I didn't want to look at it , I appreciate its help and hoped it was everything I needed to escape always waiting for it to do anything, say something, help me . Even if it was kill everyone. But never happened it disappeared around my realization that I wasn't going to die by 25 years later . I should be 12 or 13 within. Are linear time line story. We had 4 small dogs at one point in the house as well as cats a bird , ferret , Ginny pig, a rat. My mom hates rats and mice. But all mamals are basically the same, stay warm , eat, sleep , sex die. Humans just suck. I remember never getting in a real fight with my mom's boyfriend, this was her 3rd? Boyfriend but this one lives with us and like my dad and mom everyone likes to just scream at each other or get drunk. I don't like alcohol it's lame and a let down. I want escape or death not to feel bad for a couple hours to make a girl happy. I will for a girl but it sucks. I was getting fat from this drink my uncle gave me, cases of pediasure drink with a bear on it. It was a meal replacement drink but I was drinking like 6000 extra calories a day on average for like 3 months and my gut was formed and it's still here. But my mom maybe did this on purpose because I was that scrawny looking kid , but I was tougher then other kids so I didn't care. But the weight I learned meant I could lift more. Later I could dead lift 350 pounds, keeping up with the strong kids in school but soon the kids who took wrestling and went to the gym everyday could put lift me. But I lifted to save the world and fight evil so it was different then then lifting for girls. But we are still talking about middle school. My mom was a bus driver and special education helper so I was on a short bus to and from school to avoid drugs. She assumes I'm on drugs because of my constant abdominal behavior but I don't do drugs, I smoked pot at 30 I think and hated it. But other kids did drugs for sure , but not tell later I learned this. My dad moved again to this trailer park where I met a kid who showed me killer clowns from outer space and I again found an escape in the stars, I think my conversations with gim got much deeper trying to get it to help

me out. But that kid took me to Big Rock . This was a huge rock you could climb on a restricted land for an air field that was almost abandoned. We would break into this area and hang out, there where parked planes and a abandoned diner that was locked up . It had an 8track jukebox and I wanted to break in and pretend to be an employee. He just wanted to break windows, so I told him no breaking windows, they will fix the fence to big rock. He agreed. But of course I saw a large yellow oil drum and I knew it was my escape to a radio active super human reality or death and I could live with both. So I took off my shirt and pants and we cracked it open for me to jump into this tar on a hot day , it hurt for sure and it dries fast. So disappointed and failing again and freedom I walked home, the tar was tearing open my skin like a super glue by the time I got to my dad's trailer I was bloody and red all over and he tried to get it off with water from the hose, most of it was off but I think I had tar for a couple days, I was not to see that kid again or go to big rock. But my dad moved again soon after maybe . What is time you know when your on drugs. I was running 1 time outside not in the halls just to feel free . And a teacher I had never met gave me a "write up" I laughed at that teacher so hard , ripped up her write up and walked myself to the office , I told her you must think I care. So that was a nice bonus slipping of a class. We made candles one time in class for oregon trail and I mixed cinnamon and lavender that made black candles and I got in trouble, but I tried to explain I've been trying to summon monsters my whole life and it's not real. I didn't get my spiced flower candles due to religion fear. I later had that teacher in high school but by then I was far more insane. I still felt like I had time to grow before I was selected to escape. I had a math class with a teacher I found out was Mormon, this was a common religion in are town, but I would write anti Mormon storys on my math work instead of numbers but I don't think he ever said anything directly. I made an amazing comic book about SpongeBob and the grim adventures of Billy and Mandy but I wrote it in blood from fighting a kid who had a pencil right before class, I liked that teacher she was cute for sure. But she took my blood comic and I never got it back. I would draw and create things from trash all the time instead of school work. I know my 5th grade teacher had a drawer full of Loren monsters. That kid who stabbed me is technically my friend to this day as far as I know. Maybe he was just trying to get stronger , level up , I'm worth a lot of exp. I didn't start anime yet, I don't really get into it like most anime kids but it's in my own way. I'd say next chapter but it's right there, I get my TV in my room . My grandma gets me it and I didn't realize what that meant when I got it and she was upset I wasn't excited when I unwrapped it. Just like furbie, I think that was in a point where we never watced tv because Mom was always working so we where always at the baby sitter and I just don't remember being pumped full of horrible brainwashing American advertising. I didn't start collecting movies yet, but soon Hollywood video and blockbuster would surface. I think they where always there but no idea. And Mom didn't at first say yes to horror and dad still doesn't like it. I didn't know my dad was religious tell much later in life. I had a strange copy of legand of Zelda ocarina of time. I didn't know it but there was a file on my cartridge from before that changed the order of the game. When I started my runs I would be

given the first song without going into the forest as well as skipping both the shadow temples and boss in grado valley , one day a kid at the baby sitter deleted the save file from the first kid and I couldn't beat the game anymore being lost , I never found any information on this strange hacked copy I had. My mom never got me Majora's mask and I still have never played it. But that's before ps1 and 2 days so it's a story that fits 7th grade and before. My want to fight other kids as a way to gain power to ascend to a new escape . I saw wrestling on TV and thought about that as a job. But again that's not a real job in school. But again those super huge gross men where just human, I'd have to find a way around that. But a costume is important and I all ready was possessed by a monster with doctors giving me drugs to be better then others. But then just as I thought summer was here bam! My video games, movies, and life torn away to the hospital I go. I physically stopped my mom and her boyfriend from taking me to the hospital I was so happy I was stronger then both of them combined. But I knew that if I went to the hospital I might get another monster , gain another chance at using ESP or maybe find my transgender wife who in my small town didn't exist. This time I saw that angry kid again and was hoping to see that girl again now knowing the movie 13 ghosts I thought if we talk enough she could kill me to gain super powers, id be a great sacrifice. But she wasn't there. There was an Indian kid who claims his great great grandma is alive and his family has kids at 11 and 12 for the last 6 generations, I didn't believe him but we where friends. He had a fun accident and I never asked about Hindi and if he would teach me. Don't remember much else, tried to bring back pillowcase jumping and spoon bending but I don't think I got the padded room tell trying to fight military man but it took 4 male nurses to get me in the jacket and room , I was having way to much fun and I'm sure they enjoyed the workout. No one died or was bleeding. But I don't think I got another chance to get only men to fight. I was t going to fight a lady nurse. I remember plotting escapes just to see if the other kids could pull it off, I wanted to be there to gain a demon or become crazy and get a super power. But no luck. Same demon and no esp moments. I've applied to be a nurse like them before and get a chance to put a kid in a pabbed room gently but no luck with that application. But after this we hit high school, get ready. I saw the movie saw and in the movie they can't cut thru a chain with a saw, I had that saw at home and had to test this nonsense. The only chain I could think of was at my school so I would sneak out at night and cut this chain to prove to myself and the world that you can cut that chain, those adults where just trash and unthankful to be in that game. I remember just hoping I'd be selected to suffer for the sake of suffering like that, pitted against another male and to watch them fail because they are weak. Man up , tell the truth and focus , you'd be having fun in that bathroom. I know other horror movies had me excited at the time but rewatching them over and over put them in a non linear memory. But movies will start filling next chapter. One time there was a reason the school was cancelled but I had all ready arrived and I was told I couldn't leave but there was no school so I was like try me , so I walked straight for the door , stood there and said keep up if you can and out ran 2 security and a teacher easy and jumped the fence, then walked home . Later the principal

was not happy , she was an obese lady with short hair, I was like why couldn't you adults catch me? Your supposed to be superior beings ? Your all a joke, I'm in middle school and I'll only get faster, why is everything a let down. She wasn't listening of course and tried to threaten to suspend me again for leaving and I'm like how is that even a threat? I left so I'm being asked to leave? Lol. My grandma and mom used to buy me axe body spray but my nose is not happy with some gross masculine smell so I would normally tape it down and throw it in a class room when it was empty so I would just stink when they would go back into it. I took HTML and flash but j should have kept at that but I didn't have my own computer at home so I didn't understand how important that information is now. One time a blond kid I saw all the time and we got a long lit a garbage can on fire and I was like yeah! More fire to save us from this place thinking about how silent hill is a coal fire and if the school burned down with kids in it there might be a chance for super ghosts to take over the town and save us from this place, No luck. But I was questioned for sure, I'm not a pyromaniac for sure. I think it was middle school we went on a camp trip to orcus Island where I had my friends with me and I face to face with my physical embodiment of my male enemy mr.mulbright his daughter is super cute , but he's a "man" he's got a gut and mustache and an eco to match . I didn't fight him but he made threats , I was ready to die to stop his very existence. It was a good trip other then he was alive . I had a film disposable camera that my mom took so long to develop that the film didn't have images anymore. So that was lost forever. O well. There was a rock climbing wall that I didn't get to use. I remember they explained estuaries and I was like you mean fresh salt? This is 1 of 2 camps, the next camp is much later with a church that my ex wife lies too to get money later in life. This is where I remet a kid named angry E but we got a long because we where both goth kids and not church kids. But baby sitter issues fixed for Loren. Also my later short term gf Ashley was with us, we weren't dating then. But we talked about bunny horses called dur's . I almost drowned then also when we snuck out to swim and my body froze as I fell deeper into the water. It's an impulse to save yourself , or I'm sure I could just let the water save me from Earth. I had a couple gfs in middle school including my ex wife she smelled bad because her parents are cigarette addicts and she wasn't forced to bath or clean the house / room. One of them I never learned her name , she wasn't goth and had horses. I also met Rochel we have a couple nice stories , she's tough and I liked that for sure. I would wait to hang out with her all the time , we never had sex but I got to touch her often. Using my penis wasn't really an interest for a long time, just wanted to taste and smell. I used to get to go to China Town with my dad if my grades where fine to get Gundam models and that was great , I slowly developed an attraction to the sleek lines and hard edges of robots and good architecture. I spent a lot of time with a friend named Jared and I would often choose to spend everyday at his house if possible. Invader zim was a huge idea that maybe my escape was another kid in school , the answer was easy . Some one is just right there waiting to help me escape if I agree to help stop humans, but so far I haven't met a true alien, but I do remember vivid dreams of beautiful abduction in a alien ship as food or some kind

of earth creature pet. And a dream that followed me for years but I haven't had as an adult where I'm caught by the generic man, torn and sawed into pieces and thrown in a blood soaked soggy cardboard box in a basement in a house in a field of corn that went on for miles but somehow I'm still alive, that dream lasted a long time. I grew my hair out for a year to dye it blond to be link just in general. It didn't feel right but I didn't think I could make gamandwarf he's brown and his costume was not as simple. I was sent to my room for fighting with my sister mostly, I ran out of battery in a small game toy thing we got from selling cookie dough, so I was sneaking into the garage to get batteries when my mom yelled my sister's name Lindsay, I thought she caught me and was yelling Loren, so I spun around and ran full force into the corner of the wall and tore my scalp open. This really did hurt for a moment and there was blood everywhere. So of course we went to the hospital party where I was given a numbing injection but then we were in the waiting room so long it wore off so when the doctor went to put staples into my head, oh man did I feel that, he's like you should feel anything but didn't know I was numbed so long ago. Later my mom was like I'm not paying to go back and have them remove the staples so she tore them out in the garage with pliers. I also had surgery on my tongue. I don't remember having a lisp but the doctor said if they cut the bottom of my tongue it would fix the lisp. I remember everyone wanted to call me and I'm like yeah it hurts I'm talking on the phone. My mom normally didn't take us to church but one time we went to this person's house who ran their own church and I was in a room watching TV. I asked if we are church why is there no VHS of VeggieTales? This church said talking vegetables is a sin. We also had an argument about whether watermelon seeds were littering, it's not littering. But apparently this cult like church believed some strange things like a male and female Jesus and my place in heaven was married to a personal female Jesus because I'm a male. The first plane I remember was Disneyland with my aunt, Grandma, cousin and I think sister, I was still pure energy and grandma was not so she had a hard time with me sprinting for no reason, talking so fast it's nonsense and never wanting to stop going, no breaks, no thought just go. But we still go through the whole park plus California Adventure, I got another camera and this time it wasn't lost forever. We also got our own kid hotel room and sourdough bread in the shape of Mickey mouse. It was fun for sure. But Grandma was done with baby sitter duty.